THE WOMEN'S

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THE TEMPLE WINDOW.

ONCE for a lofty temple, whose wall rose stately and grand,
An artist designed a window, the master-piece of his hand,
And for this wondrous window he gathered the choicest store;
And from the brilliant glasses he selected the rarest—no more.

Slowly the beautiful pattern grew like a glowing flame;
And the artist thought, while working, "This window shall bring me fame."
At last the work was finished, and the sunlight was sifted down
In many a dainty color, over the fretted stone.

But a workman had gathered the fragments, each glowing bit so rare;
Even the smallest and dullest were used with peculiar care.
And out of these cast-away pieces, with patient, tireless will,
He, also, fashioned a window which surpassed the artist's skill.

The pieces were deftly fitted, and the delicate pattern shone
With an exquisite blending of colors, and a beauty all its own.
So, I think, for that heavenly Temple, whose walls shine with jewels rare,
God is making a wonderful window, each piece set with tenderest care.

Out of earth's lowly by-ways, from poverty, sin, and pain,
He gathers *souls* for His setting, and washes them free from stain.
Shaped by the Master Artist, touched by that Hand divine,
These souls, resplendent in beauty, with redemption's love-light shine.

Life and Light.

MARY LYON AND FIDELIA FISKE.

THE MISSION OF TWO WOMEN.

BY MISS SARA WORDEN, MT. HOLYOKE SEMINARY.

THE names of these two women carry us back to the time when woman's interest in missions was in its infancy. Just fifty years ago, Mary Lyon was rejoicing in the laying of the corner-stone of her long-prayed-for and long-worked-for seminary, which has probably done more for the advancement of woman's work in our own and other lands than any other institution. Mt. Holyoke Seminary has always had a place in the front ranks of Christian effort, especially in foreign mission work, and was the nursery, if not the mother, of woman's work for woman in heathen lands. From the time that Fidelia Fiske gave herself to the work in Persia, woman's work in the church has grown into unexpected and unthought of dimensions. When Miss Fiske considered the question of going abroad, she considered a then untried scheme; it was an experiment. No single woman had ever entered upon such work or had ever been a regularly appointed missionary. The American Board decided to send out two single ladies, if any could be found who could and would go.

When the question, "Who will go?" was put to the teachers and pupils of Mt. Holyoke Seminary, forty signified their willingness. Fidelia Fiske modestly wrote a note to Miss Lyon, stating that she was ready to go if considered worthy.

God often chooses the brightest, the best, and the one who can the least be spared; and so thought Mary Lyon at

this time. How could she spare her? She was needed at home, and, most of all, she was doing effective work in the school where she was first a pupil and then a teacher. Some one said to Miss Lyon, "Perhaps this is the way God is answering your prayers; you founded the school for the advancement of women, and through them the advancement of Christ's kingdom. This may be the way in which your cherished desires will be realized and the school fulfill its mission." The school had indeed been founded to advance Christ's kingdom, and especially "for the advancement of the missionary cause." Only a few days before this call came, they held a prayer-meeting and had dedicated the school anew to the cause of missions. They afterwards said "We did not know how much that prayer meeting would cost us. God accepted our offering but asked not only our prayers and money, but literally took a great part of the school." One-half of all her teachers, sooner or later, went in person to the heathen. A new joy filled her soul when she saw that God was taking them at their word. But she had prepared her pupils for the Master's service, and he had prepared a place for them to work. But for several weeks it seemed that it would not be as they had hoped, since Miss Fiske's mother did not approve of her going and would not give her consent. She yielded at first to the decisions of her friends and said no more about it until it lacked but one month of the time for some one to go and no one had yet been secured. And it became a question of duty. The souls of the heathen had always been on her heart. From a child her soul had yearned for their souls. An uncle had been one of the early missionaries, and that made the far-away lands seem near. From the time that she was converted she had felt that some time she would be allowed to go and carry the light to them who sat in darkness. And it had become very plain to her that now was her opportunity.

On a Saturday evening she and Miss Lyon started in a blinding snow-storm over the mountains to Miss Fiske's home to again consult with her mother. They reached there a little before midnight. There were many prayers and tears that night, and sleepless eyes. On the following Sabbath her mother was led to make the sacrifice; and joyfully gave her daughter anew to the Lord and to his work. Immediately preparations were commenced, the young ladies at the seminary working like bees in helping to make ready her outfit, and in one month's time she was gone.

The church, if not the world, know the story of her life; how she literally spent it for the women of that land, and how, on one occasion, when coming into a little gathering of women, weary and exhausted with no comfortable seat, one of the native women anxious to help her, sat down behind her and pressing closely whispered, "If you love me, lean hard." We all know the story, and how her work has reached and the words of the woman who had so recently learned where to find rest for her soul have been blessed, and have cheered us and reminded us sometimes that Christ would have us "lean hard;" even cast our whole weight upon Him, burdens and all.

The spirit of Mary Lyon and Fidelia Fiske still live; their labors have wonderfully followed them. The spirit of service and sacrifice which seemed to be their natural gifts cultivated by grace is still the spirit of Mt. Holyoke Seminary, and one can not but be impressed with this when entering its doors. Every class of each of the fifty years has sent at least one into the foreign work, and when its fiftieth birthday came, about two hundred were counted who had given their lives to the work, while the numbers who have labored as faithfully

at home are not counted. At the recent semi-centenial of the Seminary many of the early pupils were there, and those who were under the personal influence of Miss Lyon bear her likeness in a striking manner. The image she reflected was Christ-like and made powerful impressions, and upon the young Fidelia, sensitive to the good, it was marked and lasting.

Why was the life of Mary Lyon so powerful and successful? She was "strong in the Lord and in the power of His might." She believed God; therefore she was not put to shame. She was one that worked mightily through faith. She was taught of the Lord, and she knew that the work was His and that He would bless the labors of her hands. She knew that God did and would work with her, because that was His promise; she took Him at His word, and was consequently thoroughly in earnest and always active. And amidst the great opposition that met her in her efforts to establish a school for the higher education of woman, she went calmly on, exultant ever in the darkest hour. She, of course, was considered fanatical and visionary. Ministers, men of learning and influence, fashionable women and all classes of people, preached against, wrote against, worked against her and predicted disastrous results; but she would the more positively say, "Women must be educated before they can labor effectively in the world; women must be educated." And her mother, who seemed sometimes to be the only one who thoroughly believed in her, would say to a neighbor, "Yes, it will be as Mary says, I know it." These trials and oppositions pressed her nearer to God, where she heard new words of cheer and encouragement, which made her more exultant and apparently more visionary. When at one time she was kindly told that it was not becoming her sex to solicit funds personally, to agitate the subject, and address public assemblies, she replied, "What do I that is wrong? My heart is sick, my soul is pained at this empty gentility, this genteel nothingness; I am doing a great work; I can not come down."

Mary Lyon was a conservative, socially and religiously, (a wholesome thing for all when not carried too far) but she was a radical also—a radical of the right sort—conservative in holding firmly to the principles of the doctrines of Christ, and radical when change meant building on these, and thus leaving them (as says Paul) and going on to perfection, which, in her day, and perchance in ours, may mean more apostolic faith and obedience. Her well-known words are characteristic, "There is nothing in the universe that I fear, but that I may not know my duty or fail to do it," and perhaps may be only excelled by the stronger words of Paul, who with stronger faith, which to us might seem presumptuous, he could say of his life work, "I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith." But she was faithful, and brought forth fruit that remained. She was raised up for a special work, one that required special gifts of mind and heart, while some saw nothing in her but a determined, strong-minded woman. Those who knew her best, especially her pupils, knew her as a most humble christian. Her great mother heart was full of the love of Christ, and in the eyes of those about her she was beautiful.

It was a wise providence that brought together Mary Lyon and Fidelia Fiske, two natures so alike and yet so unlike. Miss Fiske was quiet and retiring, as she said in after years, "I was never made to meet the world; I can not do any thing acceptably;" but her life was one of great power. She had great stability of character, and versatility as well, both necessary qualifications for earnest work. The love that endures all things, believes

all things, and submits itself entirely to God, was hers. We see this in her submission in yielding to the advice of her friends when she thought she could not go to foreign lands; she immediately turned to other methods of christian work and was happy in them, until the Lord showed her that she was not to remain. It may require a deeper love to joyfully give up our desires to labor for God in some cherished way, even if that way be one of sacrifice and pain, than it does to be willing to make the sacrifice and undertake the life of suffering. It is hard to sit still when our whole being is yearning to show the light to those in the blackest of darkness. Yet sometimes God may even require this, and "our strength is to sit still" and await His time. And we shall not wait long, since God would not give us this yearning for his work if he did not intend to show us the field where we may labor. "The field is the world," and Fidelia had looked about her and saw it lying near and went to work as joyfully there as anywhere, "doing good as she had opportunity."

Mary Lyon and Fidelia Fiske were both children of the covenant. Their Puritan ancestors, as far back as they knew, were zealous christians. Miss Fiske had a great-grandmother who was a woman mighty in prayer, and of whom she said, "We do not know how much we owe to her for what we are in Christ. She used to set apart whole days for prayer, and her great burden was for her descendants, praying that all her children's children for all coming time would be wholly the Lord's." God was thus working long ago in the hearts of his people, and through them was preparing laborers for His harvest. To Miss Lyon, Fidelia Fiske owed much for the development of many inherited virtues, and through her she was led to receive great spiritual blessings. There was something about the christian lives of both these women that we must not overlook. From the time that they gave themselves entirely to the Lord's work God blessed their labors. Wherever they were there was a revival of religion. The Holy Spirit dwelt in them and worked through them. They were indeed "endued with power from on high." Mary Lyon witnessed a revival at the Seminary every year of her life. God put His seal upon her work, and what was met with strong opposition grew in favor. Usually before the end of each year every student had found her way to the Saviour. The same was true of Miss Fiske. As we have said, many were led to follow in her luminous track to the Old World. When she first went to Persia not one Nestorian woman, among whom she labored, knew Christ. Before she came away she took ninety by the hand and with them sat down at the Lord's table. And commencing with two little girls, aged seven and ten years, she founded a "Mt. Holyoke School" in Persia. At the end of fifteen years it was plain that she must go to her native land. She needed rest. Although never robust and having a sickness not many years before leaving home, which left her in a delicate state of health, on account of which her mother at first opposed her going; yet she says of her life in Persia: "My health has been good and it has been given me in answer to prayer, a token of my Father's love and care." Her life was one of prayer. Although not a pioneer missionary, yet she was a pioneer in her work for woman. Mary Lyon was a pioneer in the advancement of the higher education of women—an education first of all for the spiritual and then the intellectual and physical natures. Her chosen words for her school were, "That thy daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace," knowing that this would bring the millenial days which she trusted would crown the cap-stone

of her beloved institution.

Among all the jubilees celebrated this season that of the old Mary Lyon school, among the New England hills, June 21–23, was a noble occasion, and brought together about 2,000 women, some

"In whose looks did meet
Sweet records."

In younger ones'

"———Promises as sweet."

They came from far and near—from Asia Minor and the Hawaiian Islands, from Canada and the Gulf coast. This Seminary has been a nurse of missions, has sent about 200 of her daughters to the foreign field, and at this time representatives of all our five Boards, as well as other Boards and of many missionary families were present.

BIBLE RULE OF GIVING.

BY MRS. W. K. CARSON.

PERHAPS some may remember a discussion some years since, in our church papers, upon the Bible rule or law of giving. We remember there was such discussion, but forget the manner of or decision arrived at. We presume the point was whether the Old Testament law of giving the tenth was applicable to the New Testament dispensation. For certainly as we are living in the new church era, it is ours to know the mind of Christ in all duty, and in this important duty of giving. "All Scripture is given by inspiration, and is profitable."

Although this is written of the Old Testament Scriptures, it is meant for us, upon whom the ends of the world have come. We know the New Testament is a commentary upon the Old, the shadow giving place to clear light—types, strange to dim, unlighted reason, made plain to us in their fulfillment.

In each decade there are fresh needs which we find to be just a growing into the mind of God as starting in the first promise to Adam in the garden, then developing on through the ages up to the end of this nineteenth century.

About midway, when the Church was in the wilderness, we hear God saying with his oath of confirmation, "As truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord." Further on, David, in prophetic vision seeing Christ's coming to earth, exclaims, "Let the whole earth be filled with His glory," and "All ends of the earth shall remember, and turn unto the Lord."

After awhile we hear Isaiah affirm, "And they shall declare my glory among the Gentiles." Then Habakkuk declares, "The whole earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord."

Neither Moses, David, Isaiah, Habakkuk, nor other prophets, knew the extent of our world, but God did. We do not inquire, because we know. That the glory of the Lord is to be manifested in the fulfillment of His promise to Christ, which we find in the 2d psalm, "I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." In seeing the travail of Christ's soul satisfied in the redemption of the world, and all these glorious predictions fulfilled, God's glory will be fully known and the wondrous prayer of Christ answered.

The question then arises, "By what means are these results to be accomplished?" We answer, through and by His already redeemed ones. He has put in their hand the key, and given His spirit, and with these the resources of His material world—the silver and the gold are His, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. The Christian upon his high spir-

itual standpoint, dwelling at ease, may look upon silver and gold with contempt, but to the Christian workers, looking out over our world, and feeling the responsibility of bringing its peoples into subjection to the gospel of Christ, and thus fulfilling God's promises to Christ, must see in dollars and cents a value of which the worldling millionaire knows nothing. That which he builds will soon crumble to dust, but the temple built by money devoted to Christ will fill not only this world with glory but also the world to which the saints are being gathered.

In contemplating the much which is to be done by money, we come to our starting point, "The Bible rule of giving." If we could comprehend the claim God has upon us, we would express surprise that a rule or law is or was ever necessary. But there is a law or rule; at what period this law was enacted we know not. Perhaps the first time we hear of it was when Abraham returned from his victory over the five kings. We read that Melchizedec met him, and Abraham gave him as priest of the Most High God the tenth of all the spoil. Then we read of Jacob at Bethel, who out of a heart full of gratitude to God, saying, "Of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto Thee." The tribe of Levi, having no inheritance of land, received the tenth of all the land produced, both of grains and fruits. Then the meats of offerings. These prescribed offerings were of immense monied value. Apart from all law, we read of gifts of great value. As when the pattern of the tabernacle was given the people willingly brought gifts of jewels of various kinds —gold and precious woods—so that we see there was very much given apart from law or rule. In looking over Old Testament history, and the laws given by Moses, we will be surprised to find how large a proportion of all God's gifts to His people were to be given back to Him in the service of His worship; and also of the free-will offerings.

In a recent number of the *Advocate and Guardian* we read a chapter on Christian giving. One example was that of David's contribution towards the Lord's temple, which his son Solomon was to build. His gift in gold and silver is estimated to have been $72,000,000 in gold and over $8,000,000 in silver—and this his own gift, apart from all that was to come from the National treasury.

Now when we remember how much greater our privileges are in this New Testament era, how vast the work to be accomplished as we have seen, the world to be brought to Christ, we ask what proportion of all God gives us are we required to give back to Him? We have seen that all the gold and silver and cattle are his, and we are appointed stewards. In the New Testament there is no additional law prescribed, except Paul's word to the Corinthian Church, "Upon the first day of the week let every one * * lay by him in store as God has prospered him." And Christ's own word may be used in this connection, "Freely ye have received; freely give." Are we not thankful every day that in our daily worship we are not required to bring these expensive offerings? But do we remember that they were pictures and types of the Infinite sacrifice, and this sacrifice so great in value "Arch-angels failed to cast the mighty sum?" And this sacrifice, not intended for one nation only but our whole world. Could we, and all Christ's people comprehend the value of human souls, the value that Jesus sets upon them, God's estimate, and our privilege of being co-workers with Christ, and our responsibility as well, we would surely conclude that *love* is the New Testament rule of giving.

MINISTERIAL RELIEF PENCILINGS.

BY THE TREASURER.

THIS Christ-like work of helping ministers disabled by age or disease, and the families of deceased ministers, seems to be specially a work adapted to the Lydias, Dorcases, Marthas and Marys of our beloved church. Hence THE WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE is an appropriate organ through which to present the claims of Ministerial Relief and make an appeal in its behalf. A sister connected with the editorial staff of the MAGAZINE, and who is interested in every good work, writes, "As the winter approaches, we feel anxious to call attention to this very important part of our church work." A most timely suggestion. Yes, winter with its short, dark days and long, cold nights, when frost, snow and ice abound, is approaching. It is during the pinch of winter that the infirm, aged minister, the widow and fatherless children, thinly clad, often destitute of suitable winter clothing, and frequently not properly housed to keep out winter's cold blast, with at times a short supply of food and fuel—it is then these wants silently appeal to our humanity, to our Christian sympathy, to our brotherhood and sisterhood for a portion of our worldly possessions. And who are these needy ones? They are those who, in choosing their sacred calling, turned aside from every profession or business by which they too might have made ample provision for themselves and those depending upon them for support. They are veterans who enlisted in the Master's service, fighting until by reason of failing strength and weight of years they were compelled to lay down the weapons of their warfare. Are not these old soldiers of the cross entitled to a pension? Can the church afford to withhold it? No, she cannot. Her spiritual welfare and future usefulness would be jeopardized by so doing. Then we have their widows, who as helpmeets encouraged their husbands, and whose hands they upheld, by toiling and economizing to educate their children and raise their families in respectability, but who, when the husband and father is called to his reward, find themselves and children left desolate and dependent. Can those who have means and wealth feel comfortable or "rest satisfied" until they have given a portion of their worldly substance to relieve the wants of a brother or sister in need, and who in no sense are to be regarded as the recipients of charity? It is simply a debtor and creditor transaction. A correspondent at the last Assembly kindly says, "The Board of Ministerial Relief is not so conspicuously before the church as some others, but its work is in the highest degree satisfactory. The management is quiet and efficient, as many ministers and their families well know. The Treasurer knows well how to keep the work before the church, and meet with a generous response. During the year two men gave $1,000 each for its Permanent Fund. The Assembly endorsed its work and appropriated $5,000 to it for the coming year." Of this amount till date (Oct. 6th) we have received from individuals, societies and Presbyterials $494.92, and since June 1st till Sept. 1st, 1887, have disbursed to beneficiaries $1,955.72. This statement will suffice to show our wants. From the women of the church individually and through their societies we have in the past received generous aid, and feel assured it will be continued.

A PRAYER ANSWERING GOD.

BY A MINISTER'S WIFE ON THE FRONTIER.

I remember a day during one winter that stands out like a boulder in my life.

The weather was unusually cold; our salary had not been regularly paid, and it did not meet our needs when it was. My husband was away traveling from one district to another much of the time.

Our boys were well, but my little Ruth was ailing, and at best none of us were decently clothed. I patched and repatched with spirits sinking to their lowest ebb. The water gave out in the well, and the wind blew through the cracks in the floor.

The people in the parish were kind, and generous too, but the settlement was new and each family was struggling for itself. Little by little, at the time when I needed most, my faith began to waver. Early in life I was taught to take God at his word, and I thought my lesson was well learned. I had lived upon the promises in dark times, until I knew as David did, "Who was my Fortress and Deliverer." Now a daily prayer for forgiveness was all that I could offer.

My husband's overcoat was hardly thick enough for October, and he was obliged to ride miles to attend some meeting or funeral. Many a time our breakfast was Indian cake and a cup of tea without any sugar. Christmas was coming; the children always expected their presents. I remember the ice was thick and smooth and the boys were each craving a pair of skates.

Ruth, in some unaccountable way, had taken a fancy that the dolls I had made were no longer suitable; she wanted a large, nice one, and insisted on praying for it. I knew it was impossible; but oh, how I wanted to give each child its present. It seemed as if God had deserted us, but I did not tell my husband all this. He worked so earnestly and heartily, I supposed him to be hopeful as ever.

I kept the sitting room cheery with an open fire, and tried to serve our scanty meals as invitingly as I could. The morning before Christmas James was called to see a sick man. I put up a piece of bread for his lunch (it was the best I could do) wrapped my plaid shawl around his neck, and then tried to whisper a promise, as I often had, but the words died away on my lips. I let him go without it. That was a dark, hopeless day. I coaxed the children to bed early, for I could not bear their talk. When Ruth went I listened to her prayer; she asked for the last time most explicitly for her doll and for skates for her brothers. Her bright face looked so lovely when she whispered to me: "You know I think they'll be here early tomorrow morning—early, mamma," that I thought I could move heaven and earth to save her from the disappointment.

I sat down alone and gave way to the bitterest tears.

Before long James returned, chilled and exhausted. He drew off his boots; the thin stockings slipped off with them, and his feet were red with cold. I wouldn't treat a dog that way, let alone a faithful servant. Then as I glanced up and noticed the hard lines in his face, and the look of despair, it flashed across me, James had let go too! I brought him a cup of tea, feeling sick and dizzy at the very thought. He took my hand and we sat for an hour without a word. I wanted to die and meet God, and tell Him His promise wasn't true; my soul was so full of rebellious despair.

There came a sound of bells, a quick stop, and a loud knock at the door. James sprang up to open it. There stood

Deacon Pike. "A box came for you by express just before dark. I brought it around as soon as I could get away; reckoned it might be for Christmas; at any rate they shall have it to-night. Here is a turkey my wife asked me to fetch along, and these other things I believe belong to you." There was a basket of potatoes and a bag of flour. Talking all the time, he hurried in the box, and then with a hearty good night rode away. Still without speaking, James found a chisel and opened the box. I drew out at first a thick red blanket, and we saw that beneath was full of clothing. It seemed at that moment as if Christ fastened upon me a look of reproach. James sat down and covered his face with his hands. "I can't touch them," he exclaimed, "I haven't been true just when God was trying me to see if I could hold out. Do you think I could not see how you were suffering, and I had no word of comfort to offer. I know now how to preach the awfulness of turning away from God." "James," I said, clinging to him, "don't take it to heart like this. I've been to blame; I ought to have helped you. We will ask Him together to forgive us." "Wait a moment, dear, I cannot talk now." Then he went into another room. I knelt down, and my heart broke; in an instant all the darkness, all the stubbornness rolled away. Jesus came again and stood before me, but now with the loving word, daughter! Sweet promises of tenderness and joy flooded my soul; I was so lost in praise and gratitude that I forgot everything else. I don't know how long it was before James came back, but I knew that he too had found peace.

"Now, dear wife," said he, "let us thank God together," and then he poured out words of praise; Bible words, for nothing else could express our thanksgiving. It was eleven o'clock, the fire was low, and there was the great box, and nothing touched but the warm blanket we needed so much. We piled on some fresh logs, lighted two candles, and began to examine our treasures. We drew out an overcoat, and I made James try it on; it was just the right size, and I danced awhile around him, for all my light-heartedness had returned. Then there was a cloak, and he insisted on seeing me in it. My spirits always infected him, and we both laughed like foolish children. There was a warm suit of clothes also, and three pairs of warm woolen hose. There was a dress for me, and yards of flannel, a pair of Arctic overshoes for each of us, and in mine was a slip of paper—I have it now and mean to hand it down to my children. It was Jacob's blessing to Asher, "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days, so shall thy strength be."

In the gloves, evidently for James, the same dear hand had written, "I the Lord thy God, will hold thy right hand saying unto thee, Fear not, I will help thee." It was a wonderful box, and packed with thoughtful care.

There was a suit of clothes for each of the boys, and a little red gown for Ruth. There were mittens, scarfs and hoods; down in the center, a box—we opened it, and there was a great wax doll. I burst into tears again, and James wept with me for joy. It was too much, and then we both exclaimed again, for close behind it came two pairs of skates. There were books for us to read, some of them I had wished to see; stories for the children to read, aprons and underclothing, knots of ribbon, a gay little tidy, a lovely photograph, needles, buttons and thread, actually a muff, and an envelop containing a ten-dollar gold piece. At last we cried over everything we took up. It was past midnight, and we were faint and exhausted even with happiness.

I made a cup of tea, cut a fresh loaf of bread and James boiled some eggs. We drew up the table before the fire; how

we enjoyed our supper! and then we sat talking over all our life, and how sure a help God had always proved.

You should have seen the children the next morning; the boys raised a shout at the sight of their skates. Ruth caught up her doll and hugged it tightly without a word, then she went into her room and knelt by her bed; when she came back she whispered to me, "I knew it would be here, mamma, but I wanted to thank God just the same, you know." "Look here, wife; see the difference." We went to the window, and there were the boys out of the house already and skating on the crust with all their might.

My husband and I both tried to return thanks to the Church in the East that sent us the box, and have tried to return thanks unto God every day since.

Hard times have come again and again, but we have trusted in Him, dreading nothing so much as a doubt of his protecting care. Over and over again we have proved that they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.—[*Selected.*

RETROSPECTION.

BY ANNA SHIPTON.

"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee."—Deut. viii, 12.
"Cast not away therefore, your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward."—Heb. X, 35.

He was better to me than all my hopes,
He was better than all my fears;
He made a road of my broken works,
And a rainbow of my tears.
The billows that guarded my sea-girt path,
But carried my Lord on their crest;
When I dwell on the day of my wilderness march,
I can lean on His love for a rest.

He emptied my hands of my treasured store,
And His covenant love revealed.
There was not a wound in my aching heart,
But the balm of his breath had healed.
Oh! tender and true was the chastening sore,
In wisdom, that taught and tried,
Till the soul that He sought was trusting in Him
And nothing on earth beside.

He guided my path that I could not see,
By ways that I have not known,
The crooked was straight and the rough made plain,
As I followed the Lord alone.
I praise Him still for the pleasant palms,
And the water springs by the way;
For the glowing pillars of flame by night,
And the sheltering clouds by day.

There is light for me on the trackless wild,
As the wonders of old I trace;
When the God of the whole earth went before
To search me a resting place.
Has He changed for me? Nay! He changes not,
He will bring me by some new way,
Through fire and blood, and each crafty foe,
As safely as yesterday.

And if to warfare He calls me forth,
He buckles my armor on;
He greets me with smiles and a word of cheer,
For battles His sword hath won;
He wipes my brow as I droop and faint,
He blesses my hand to toil;
Faithful is He, as He washes my feet,
From the trace of each earthly soil.

Never a watch on the dreariest halt,
But some promise of love endears;
I read from the past, that my future shall be
Far better than all my fears,
Like the golden pot, of the wilderness bread,
Laid up with the blossoming rod,
All safe in the ark, with the law of the Lord,
Is the covenant care of my God.

Missionary Correspondence.

A SABBATH AT KNOXVILLE COLLEGE.

THE stranger who visits Knoxville College cannot long be within its walls without feeling that it is controlled in all its departments by a strong religious influence; that it is indeed, as it claims to be, a christian institution. Especially is this feature of the work manifested by the manner in which its Sabbaths are observed. The day of rest is remembered by a careful preparation for it on Saturday. The building from cellar to attic is thoroughly cleaned and set in order, under the scrutinizing supervision of the lady principal. Sufficient supplies are in store, and the workers in kitchen and bake room are busy preparing food for the large household, while other hands have their duties in the laundry. The bell rings for study hours on Saturday as on other evenings. On this evening the students are expected to prepare their Sabbath-school lessons. In one room the choir assembles for practice in preparation for the praise service of the sanctuary. In the parlor the teachers are talking over the lesson, planning for the Sabbath-school, and praying for God's blessing on their instructions.

At nine o'clock we hear the retiring bell, and half an hour later lights are out. No country farm house is more quiet than is this home during the hours devoted to sleep.

On Sabbath the rising bell is rung at the usual hour, half-past five, and breakfast is ready at six o'clock. Students and teachers are promptly in their places around the dining tables. At a signal all are seated at once, when some one, a student usually, is called upon to ask the blessing. As a teacher presides at each table, the conversation is directed in such a manner as to teach reverence for God's holy day. After all have quietly and cheerfully partaken of the morning meal, Bibles and Bible Songs are given to each one present, and all devoutly engage in family worship. A Professor presides in this exercise, selects the psalm and chapter, and calls on a student or teacher to lead in prayer. The whole exercise is most interesting. The psalms are sung with gladness; many of these precious songs become stored in the memory. Seed which will doubtless bring forth much fruit.

Necessary work occupies the time until eight o'clock, when the bell rings for study. The workers' class meets at nine o'clock. This class is trained by one of the professors in Patterson on the Shorter Catechism. It consists of the more advanced christian students who are prepared to go out in the afternoon into the surrounding neighborhood for evangelical work. The church service is held in the chapel at half-past ten o'clock. The congregation consists mainly of students, with some additions from the outside. The President preaches as a father to his children. Clearly and tenderly he teaches the gospel of God, speaking the truth in love. After dinner there is a relaxation until two o'clock, when the Sabbath-school convenes. The Catechisms have a large place in the Sabbath-school work.

The International Bible Lesson is taught on Monday in the various class rooms. The evening is devoted to prayer meetings. Half an hour is spent in what are called floor meetings. The students, whose rooms are adjacent or open into the same hall, meet in a teacher's room. All the professing christians take part in these meetings, often nearly all present leading in brief prayers in

one meeting. These smaller meetings are a good preparation for the union meeting immediately following, in room No. 1. There is much evidence that Jesus himself is present in these devotional meetings. All present seem to feel that it is good to be there.

Many circumstances unite to make Knoxville College a pleasant place to spend the Sabbath. It is beautiful for situation, "set upon a hill," commanding a fine view of surrounding hills and mountains. Strangers may and do attend the church service, but they do not expect to be shown through the building on the Lord's day. The mail carrier does not stop at the College on this day, nor does the vender of Sunday newspapers come near crying his wares, for here he would find neither purchaser nor reader.

The United Presbyterian church is doing a great work by means of this mission; how great we cannot estimate, but if nothing more were done than this exemplification of Sabbath-keeping, who would say that the money spent is not a good investment? VISITOR.

LETTER FROM INDIA.

Read at the semi-annual meeting of the L. M. S., of Conemaugh Presbytery, at Bethel, Pa., Sept. 29th, 1887.

DHARMSALA, INDIA, July 30, 1887.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

ALMOST one year ago I met with you and enjoyed one of your meetings; and looking back it seems but yesterday. Time flies so swiftly here! What with studying, reciting and caring for our few personal effects, and reading the home news, one is at a loss to know where the days fly to. The rains have begun and are continuing without intermission, and everything is growing nicely. The valleys, hills and high mountains are alike covered with their robes of green; and flowers, ferns and moss grow everywhere their tiny roots can gain a hold. Rocks, trees and walls are covered with them. All nature, both animate and inanimate, are rejoicing in the pure showers of heaven. What a rest all this freshness and beauty is to the eye, that for so long a time has been looking on parched plains and scorched vegetation, fields brown and sere, with no living thing visible, can be better imagined than described. Only a few days after the rain begins to fall, the whole country seems to quicken into new life, and tender plants are seen everywhere. So in the pure showers of God's love and mercy do our hearts respond and spring to new life and activity. More vigor, life and energy are needed in the mission work, both at home and abroad. The fields are white to the harvest; will the sheaves be gathered? May God help us all to be more diligent and earnest. I have just been thinking there is no time when we are all asleep. While you are sleeping we are waking, and while we are sleeping you are awake; always some of us aware, and the Keeper of Israel never sleeps. What a sweet thought! Some of us always keeping watch!

I wish I knew more of the work among the people; but my mind has been on the first requirement for that work so closely, that really I know very little about it to tell. I wonder if anyone has ever told you their experience in the first lesson in Urdu? I think I must tell you mine. The second day after arriving at my station, being anxious as people always are to try new things, I had my teacher called. Seating myself in a corner, as far from hearing as possible, I began to climb that mount they say one never reaches the top of. A primer was placed in my hand, and

the process of repeating like a parrot, *a-lif-la-pa-ect*, began. I knew not whether I was repeating the name of one of the characters, or some command of the *Munshi*. At length after an hour of scolding and trying in vain to make me understand the difference between *zaber*, *zair* and *pash;* the *Munshi* rose with a grunt of dissatisfaction and took his leave, with the conviction plainly written on his face, that I had undertaken a task more dark and toilsome than the mind of an American, or indeed any one else than a native of Hindoostan was capable of. At such a time one feels at war with everything in the form of language; and wonders why such a language is spoken; and finally has the feeling that they never can learn it; wonders what they will do when they are sent home in disgrace because they cannot learn the language. And all this time have the feeling that some of the learned missionaries have been listening, and laughing at our expense. For how could they help but laugh at the queer sounds we make in our first attempt. I have come through the first lessons, and can now stand a little way up the hill and smile at the days that seemed so dark and hopeless.

My present teacher is a christian, from the Mohamedans. He was baptized a few weeks since by Dr. Barr, and sent to Sialkot to Mr. Lytle for the purpose of keeping his father from finding him. In some way or other the father discovered his hiding place, and came for him. Pretending friendship he asked his son to take a walk with him, to which the boy consented. When they were a little distance from the compound, he was seized by strong men and carried off to the priest, where his father prayed for him and plead with him, and then threatened him, but the poor fellow stood firm. Finding all this availed nothing, he was stripped of his clothing, and his father cursed him as bringing disgrace on the family. In the evening they went into the city to buy food. There was a Hindoo fair in the bazaar, and a great crowd of people in the streets. Watching his chance, the young man lost himself in the multitude and ran for freedom. What may have been the poor fellow's fate had he not escaped can only be conjectured. Mr. Lytle began to think he had played him false and gone back to his former religion; but on the evening of the second day he returned in a pitiful condition, and told his story. He then returned to Zafarwal to Dr. Barr and plead to be sent away where his father could not find him until his wrath would abate somewhat.

As I was in need of a teacher, and this appeared to be a secure place for him, he was sent to me at once. He is a bright boy and a good scholar in the one thing most needful to me—Urdu.

The opposition to the poorer class is not so great, and they have very little to lose and much, so much, to gain that they come out more readily. And then they are so much more easily reached, and the opportunities for instructing them are more ample, that is it any wonder so many more of them come out and profess Christianity than of the Mohamedans or Hindoos?

The weather on the plains is very warm now, and the missionaries there are in need of a rest and change of climate. We expect Dr. and Mrs. Barr and the Misses White, Campbell and McCullough up some time the first of August. Our home at Zafarwal is a very pleasant one, and I long for the time to come when we can stay there, at least the greater part of the year. At present the house is so small and uncomfortable that it is a great trial, indeed impossible, to stay there during the entire summer season. It is now being enlarged and repaired, and we hope by the next hot season to have as good a place and as cool a house as we can have in

this sunny land.

Dr. and Mrs. Barr seem like parents and Miss Campbell like a dear sister to me already; and I have a great interest in some of the people. And our little church, with its mud walls, floor and roof, is dear to me as a fine brick edifice could be; indeed it is much more in keeping with the customs and ways of the people.

Now, my dear friends, I do thank each one of you for the good kind letters you write me from time to time. They are bright spots in the dull routine of study. Some of them are so funny too, but I delight in the little laughable incidents you tell me. You can't realize the good they do me. May they be many and long in the future.

We are looking forward to the time when we shall receive the WOMEN'S MAGAZINE and see the fruits of the L. M. Societies. * * * And now, my dear friends and helpers in the work, may you have all success, and many happy meetings together in the future, is the prayer and wish of your sister in Christ.

KATE CORBETT,
Zafarwal, India.

A NATIVE WORKER IN INDIA.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have no doubt but that we are all glad now that we have a missionary magazine that we can call "our own." We wish the editors success in their new undertaking, and hope that the new magazine will be interesting and be a means of awakening a deeper interest in missions among the women of our church. We should not leave all the work to be done by our good editors, but each of us should do our part, or do what we can to assist them, although we may feel that we have very little time for writing, or that what we may write will be of little interest or benefit to others.

As I have been asked to write for our new magazine, I will give as my first letter a short history of one of our native women workers here in India. The thought of this was suggested while I was translating a letter of her's which she had written to the Ladies' Society who are supporting her.

Mary Anna, our native Bible woman, who labors in Sialkot City and District, has been a worker in our missions for sixteen years, and is an earnest christian and faithful worker. She formerly belonged to a wandering native gypsy tribe, who made their living by stealing and making counterfeit money. This tribe or caste were Hindoos or idol worshipers, and the name of the caste to which she belonged was called *Bherghuts*. Her heathen name was "Sharekalon." She was about 12 years old when she was put into the Girls' Orphanage at Sialkot in 1864. Her tribe was caught stealing near Gujranwala, and were brought before the officers and were put in jail to await trial. After the trial the men and women were sent to prison and the boys and girls were sent to our missionaries, and were put in the Orphanages, Mary Anna, or little Sharekalon being one of them. At first she seemed very discontented and homesick, as being shut up in a school was quite different from the wandering life she had been accustomed to. But soon after she had been taught from the Bible, peace came to her, and she loved the Bible and her Saviour. And now it is her delight and daily work to tell others of the Saviour's love, as she goes from house to house in the city and from village to village in the District. She has read and taught the Bible to thousands who never heard the Gospel before.

B. G. LYTLE,
Aug. 25, 1887. Sialkot, India.

LETTER FROM MARY ANNA, NATIVE BIBLE WOMAN, TO THE LADIES' MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THIRD UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, XENIA, OHIO.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. B. G. LYTLE.

SIALKOT, INDIA.

DEAR SISTERS:

IN this work I am very happy in going to the people and teaching them the word of God. I am very happy when I can go out in the village and teach and read to the people. I get acquainted with many women, and when they call me to read to them, and listen attentively to the reading of the Bible, and what I say to them, it brings great delight to my heart.

When I first began to do zenana work it was with great difficulty. I thought perhaps when I would go into such and such a house that they might try to kill me, but when I was on the way going, I prayed that God would help me. When I went into the house the first thing I asked them how many sons and daughters they had; then after we finished talking about such things, I would ask them to keep quiet while I would read to them some *glad* news.

One day I went to the village of Rajwel, about seven miles from Sialkot, and went into one of the christian's houses, and sat down and read to the people the 18th and 19th chapters of John. They all listened very attentively. When evening came I called all the christians and some of the neighbors to come to this house for evening worship. There were forty-two present. When we had finished worship they asked me to read to them about Noah and the flood. They had no oil for their little earthen lamp, so I gave a Pice to one of them and told him to go and buy some oil. When the lamp was lighted they all listened while I read to them about the earth being covered with water, and the mountains being hid under the water, and how eight persons were saved. They also asked many questions about Christ. One man said, "True, Christ is the son of God." I said, "Yes, Christ is truly the son of God." He then said, "But how can He save us?" I said, "Believe on Christ and He will save you." He said, "I will, I will be a christian." They then listened attentively until eleven o'clock at night as I talked to them about the birth, death and resurrection of Christ. Many of them seemed astonished and asked many questions, and said "Truly, this was the son of God."

Again I went to another village and many gathered together, and both men and women heard gladly. After awhile two more men came and said, "Show us God." I said, "No one can see God; He is a spirit and is holy." Three other men said to me, "If we become Christians, what will you give us? Will you give us wages, or a well, or a village?" "I did not come to give you anything, but I came to read to you the word of God." One of the women said, "Without doubt Christ is the son of God, and when He can do such great works, cannot He save us?" "Yes," I said; "he came to this world to save sinners." She said, "I am a great sinner; my fifteen sons all died; cannot Christ raise my sons, like he raised the widow's son to life?" I said those that believe on him he will raise up. Then the woman began to weep, and then said to me, "When did you come here to our village? I told her I came about 10 o'clock. She said, "No one told me when you came, and I just now heard that you had come and was telling the people such good news, so I ran here to you. Those things are good and true that you tell us. When

any of our people die the Maulvi says to us, 'give me a good dinner and good clothes;' and then reads to us, and then says 'to give him two annas.' But Christ did not ask that poor widow to give him anything."

Two men said to me, "teach the Churas or Low caste." I told them this Gospel or glad news was for all the world, and it was for them as well as for the Churas. The woman said, "These are good words." They all paid good attention till 10 o'clock at night. The next day I went to "Mundaki" village, where the people quietly listened to what I read and taught. One Hindoo woman said, "It is very good instruction you give; we people worship gods and godesses." Others said, "It is true there is only one God, and we have many gods." They asked many questions and listened to the reading and teaching nearly all day. I read to them the 3rd chapter of Daniel. One woman said, "I will never deny Christ. I will not deny him if they cast me into the fire."

At the evening services in the tent eight of the women received baptism.

The next day many women quietly listened while we read to them and taught them.

"And he said unto them, go ye unto all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

Salam to all the sisters,

MARY ANNA.

Editorial Department.

"ITS all done now," said an old Scotch woman to Dr. Chalmers when he came down from the platform after a most eloquent speech at a great meeting. "No: No," said the Doctor, "It's all said; the doings to begin now." So say we. After a great deal of saying—throughout our church—the WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE has been begun upon a good financial basis. With this, the fourth number, we have a little over three thousand subscribers. Now let the *doing* be carried out by every one interested in its success and circulation. And may they do all they can to increase its usefulness, and make it what it ought to be—a *missionary* magazine. Now for four thousand—yes, ten thousand subscribers.

"A. L. O. E.," so well known, and whose real name is Miss Tucker, the initials meaning "A Lady of England," went to India *in her fifty-fourth year*, and is now in her eleventh year of service there. She has been enabled not only to learn the language, but also to visit habitually in more than 100 Zenanas, besides influencing in a very considerable degree the whole of India by her writings. In a recent letter she says: "I regard my dear Hindus as my jewels—jewels set in gold." She pleads very earnestly for helpers, describing herself as "now going on crutches."

THE American consul-general at Cairo, Egypt, Mr. Cardwell, in a report to the Department of State at Washington, D. C., calls special attention to the successful labors of the American missionaries in the valley of the Nile. Among other things he states that nearly six thousand native pupils are in attendance at the schools that have been established. This is something quite new for an American consul in Egypt to notice and commend our mission in that country. It seems to indicate that at length we have a consul at Cairo who is a worthy representative of a Christian nation.

THE CHURCHES.—The unspiritual and demoralizing craze for suppers and entertainments in churches is happily hit off by the Buffalo *Express* funny man. It is sad, however, that we should ever have occasion to quote the wit of worldlings at the expense of the church for the correction of her follies. "I am sure you will like our church," said the elder, showing the new minister around, "you will be the first man to preach in it. These are the church parlors, for our social gatherings; aren't they handsome? They cost a heap of money, but it's worth while to do things well. We have a neat little stage, you see, for recitations and little concerts and such things. Here is the kitchen; large, well-equipped, a splendid thing when we give big suppers, as we often do. This large room adjoining is to be the Sabbath-school room, but we haven't got it seated yet, and there is no organ either. We hope to have a Sabbath-school organized some time this winter." "And where do you have preaching?" asked the parson. "Oh, well," replied the elder, "we have no place for preaching yet, and I don't suppose you'll have much of that to do before next spring. The upstairs isn't finished and I don't know when it will be. It's terribly hard work raising money now. It was all we could do to finish the kitchen."

We are glad to note on our list of subscribers a number of names from the Associate Reformed Church South.

Our churches which were never far apart in point of doctrine were brought into closer sympathy by the sending out by the Southern church, of Miss Mary E. Galloway to labor in connection with our Egyptian Mission. After having mingled our congratulations when she and Rev. Jno. Giffen were united in marriage, and our tears at her "lone grave by the river Nile," we are bound together by ties that cannot be served.

Yet people ask whether it is worth while to send the gospel to the heathen and wish to know if they cannot be saved without the gospel. Spurgeon's reply to this question is worth printing again. Said he, "The question is not whether the heathen can be saved without the gospel, the question is whether you can be saved if you don't send them the gospel.—*Standard.*

QUERY:—In some of the Presbyterial associations the treasurer of the association is accustomed to pay the funds of the association to the financial agent of Presbytery, to be transmitted by him to the Treasurer of the W. A. Board:

Would it not be a much more direct and simple method for the treasurer of the association to send the money direct to the treasurer of the W. A. Board?

"Now, my dear sister," said an old and revered Missionary to a young one just entering the service, "do not imagine that because most of the women who help to support you find it necessary to do their own housework that it is your duty to do the same. A foreign missionary is an expensive institution. Your church must pay your travelling expenses besides a salary not only for actual work but also for support while you are learning the language and cannot afford to have you put in your time sweeping and washing dishes. This must be done by cheaper labor while you devote all your energies as nearly as possible to the work which you were sent to do."

O, GIVE thanks unto the Lord, for his mercy endureth forever.

He that is our God is the God of salvation.

Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savor of his knowledge by us, in every place.

ALL who have given the statements of our Foreign Board a careful reading are painfully aware that they have found it necessary to greatly cut down the estimates for both India and Egypt, but especially the latter on account of scarcity of funds.

DR. Lansing's appeal to the Turkish Missions Aid Society, which will be found in another column, sets forth in a strong light some of the disastrous effects of this retrenchment. Oh! that we as a church and as individuals could be brought to see our *duty* and PRIVILEGE in this matter.

God did wonders in the land of Egypt at the hands of Moses and Aaron for the deliverance of his people, and he is now doing great wonders at the hands of His servants, our missionaries, by delivering from spiritual bondage the Egyptians, hosts of whom have taken up their march to the "Promised Land." "Some have already crossed the flood and some are crossing now."

Bible history tells us what God has done in Egypt. All scholars and politicians who spend any time there tell us of what He is doing now, and in special prophecies he tells us of what He is yet to do.

Can we believe all this and give sleep to our eyes or slumber to our eyelids till our missionaries have what is asked for to carry on their work?

Many letters are received from subscribers asking why they have not received their magazines. None regret this more than the Committee, and they are doing all in their power to supply missing numbers and also to prevent this trouble in the future, by finding just where the trouble lies. Subscribers will please be very particular to write their names and addresses plainly, using always the same initials or address, and to notify us at once if at any time they do not receive their copies by the *last day* of the month in which the missing number is issued. Otherwise there is danger of the issue being exhausted without their being supplied.

"A person converted in youth," says John Angel James, "is like the sun rising on a summer's morning to shine the long bright day. But a person converted late in life is like the evening star, a lovely object of Christian contemplation, but not appearing till the day is closing, and then but for a little while."

WE would urge our readers to notice very carefully "Ministerial Pencilings," and if any missionary society or congregation have not contributed to this Board heretofore, we hope they will be constrained to do so immediately, or, however frequently before, renew their contributions in good season so that the Board may know before the severe weather comes on just how much they can appropriate, and enable them to forward promptly fuel, warm clothing and other necessities where they are so much needed, and before "hope deferred makes the heart sick, and the hands hang down with weary waiting." A grateful church, out of its abundance, ought to be glad to send to its aged servants and to those dependent on them this modest help. Let our Thanksgiving offering be made this year in substance as well as in spirit. Let all our rejoicings be accompanied with generous doing. Let this Thanksgiving mean something to us, and the retrospect will justify the offering. It will make you happier to feel that some aged servant of the Lord and his family have been made more comfortable by your timely offering. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Send in your names for the MAGAZINE.

Almost every day orders are received for the August number of the Magazine, and as stated in the last number the issue is exhausted. To those who are anxious to procure a picture of Mrs. Hanna we are happy to announce that we have on hand about twenty surplus engravings that will be disposed of at *ten* cents apiece.

A LITTLE girl was very much interested as her uncle was explaining to her the card that had been left in his pew containing the names of the various Boards of our church. He told her that Home Missions meant mission work among the destitute of our own land; Foreign Missions meant work among the heathen away off in Egypt and India and other foreign lands; Freedmen meant work among the colored people of the South; Church Extension meant help in building churches and parsonages for those who could not build for themselves; and that Ministerial Relief meant aid for aged ministers just "like grandpa," and for their wives and children. Understanding at once, clasping her hands, she exclaimed: "Oh! I will give more for that." Does not this little incident show the importance of teaching children not only the general facts concerning the missions, but also in regard to the organizations through which the work of the church is accomplished.

THE following appeal was made by Dr. Lansing when lately in England. It appeared in the *Star of the East*, the organ of the Turkish Mission Aid Society, and was also published in tract form for distribution. It forcibly sets forth the straits of the mission in Egypt owing to the reduction of their estimates by our Board and the Assembly, and strongly appeals to friends to help in this time of great need. The *Star of the East* cordially and strongly endorsed the appeal:

"*Dear Christian Friends*:—While returning hearty thanks for all the sympathy and support received by our Egyptian mission for over thirty years from Christians in the United Kingdom, and while we take all to witness that we have seldom obtruded upon you appeals for pecuniary aid, we have now come to a crisis, when we feel it to be our duty to lay before you the following statement:

"Our United Presbyterian church, like many of the American churches, has of late years been falling back in their support of the Foreign Mission work, so that, at length, they found themselves encumbered with a debt of £4,600, to their missions in Egypt and India. Energetic measures are now being taken for the liquidation of this debt by a special effort on the last Sabbath of this month. At the same time, our Board of Missions felt themselves constrained to order us to make a reduction of ten per cent. upon our annual estimates for the present year. After doing our utmost to obey this order, we still found that our estimates were £600 above the appropriation of the Board.

We have, from the first, done what we could to make the work of the Lord in Egypt self- supporting, and, next to Japan, think no Foreign Mission has succeeded so well in this respect. In proof of this we beg to submit the following statistics:

"1. In our 79 mission stations we have now under our care 53 congregational schools, which are entirely supported by the natives, not a penny of mission money from either England or America being appropriated to them.

"2. Considerably over two-thirds of the support of the nine native pastorates, which have been established in the Valley of the Nile, is now paid by the native churches which these pastors serve. This although these pastors are required to give fully one-third of their time to evangelestic work in out-stations, out-

side of their own charges.

"3. £5,785 were reported the past year as contributed by the native churches for church and school purposes. Besides, a good deal was contributed for church and school building, and other purposes which was not reported.

"4. 37,823 copies of the Scriptures and evangelistic and school literature were sold the past year, for which the sum realized was £1,723.

"Want of space precludes the statement of other facts.

"The policy of retrenchment forced upon us by the circumstances above indicated is suicidal, while as yet the mission demands enlargement instead of retrenchment. The whole country is open before us, and as yet, in a great part, the reaping time has not come. It is the sowing season.

"As examples of what the order for a ten per cent. reduction has imposed upon us, I may state that in some of our non-self-supporting schools we have so raised the school fees that the number of pupils has been materially diminished, and also that we have closed several schools, *e. g.*, the Boys' School in Boulak, one of the suburbs of Cairo, in which there were about 70 pupils. The cost of this school to the mission the past year was only £38.

"To prevent further retrenchment in this disastrous line, we ask for the £600 above mentioned, and should more be raised by your liberality, it will be used in retracing the retrograde steps which we have been so painfully forced to take, and in the expansion of the work for which there are now so many open doors.

"We feel that the Egyptian Church, which is doing so well in the matter of self-support, deserves to be helped in this crisis. We also feel that the American Mission in Egypt has peculiar claims upon Christians in this land. Without compromising our high office by mingling with politics, we have in past years done what we could for the spiritual good of the British army of occupation, and for the future, we believe that the welfare of Egypt depends in a large measure upon the success of its Christian Missions." G. LANSING.

Young People's Department.

It matters little where we toil,
Heaven's palms will grow on any soil,
And all lands face the sky;
The Cross knows neither east nor west,
Who follows Christ must needs be blest
Who ask not "where" nor "why."

"What doest thou here? Oh, behold, far and near,
To left and to right, thou shalt see
some work that is thine, oh, thou servant of mine,
Some mission I have given to thee."

Prayer-Meeting Topic.—BY L. A. W.

CHRIST OUR PATTERN.

1 Peter 2: 20—24.

This passage of Scripture has special reference to Christ as our example under trial and persecution; but "unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ," should be the aim of every Christian, and Christ likeness, in life and work, our constant endeavor. Let us study the life of Christ, to see wherein we can make our daily lives and our Christian service more like His. Doubtless we shall say, with Thomas, Kempis: "We have good cause to be ashamed in looking upon the life of Jesus Christ, seeing that we have not as yet endeavored to conform ourselves more unto Him."

1. As a child, Christ honored those whom God had placed over Him. He willingly left the doctors in the Temple and went home to Nazareth with His parents, and through His youth "was subject unto them."

2. He resisted temptation. We should resist until Satan leaves us. We should

be so filled with the Word of God that we can answer: "It is written," and so filled with its spirit that we can answer a perverted Scripture with, "It is written again."

3. He was zealous in His reverence for God's house. We should strive to have it kept for prayer and not used for trading.

4. "As his custom was He went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day."

5. He respected the claims of those in authority. Matt. 17: 24—27.

6. "Even Christ pleased not Himself." "I do always those things that please Him."

7. He attended to all who came to Him for help and comfort. One interruption of our pleasure often makes us impatient and unwilling to help others.

8. He would not send any away fasting. Hungry souls are all around us, and though what we have seems less than the "few loaves" and the "small fishes," let us give it, trusting Him in whose touch is the multiplying power. Let us not withhold our thoughts and experience in the prayer-meeting, "lest some faint in the way."

9. Christ did not shrink back when trouble and danger were in the way. When the time was come that He should be received up, "He steadfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem." Cf. John 11: 7—16.

10. He was not reproachful when forsaken by His friends. Matt. 26: 41, last clause.

11. He forgave and asked God to forgive those who crucified Him. He has forgiven us. "Even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye."

12. He was submissive to the will of God. "I came down from heaven not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me." Cf. John 4: 34; 5: 30. All our desires and longings and prayers should be tempered with "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

"Not as I will; the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat,
'Not as I will,' because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all His love fulfill,
'Not as we will'."

13. He was pure and sinless. "Every man that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself, even as he is pure." "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."

14. Christ commands us to be like Himself, in our relations to others. "I am among you as he that serveth." "I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done unto you." John 13: 14, 15; Cf. Matthew 10: 24, 25, first clause. Matthew 20: 29; Luke 6: 40; Philippians 2: 5.

15. He commands us to be like Himself in our love for others. "This is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you." Cf. John 13: 34; Ephesians 5: 1, 2; 1 John 3: 16. How little we need to fear that we shall love others too much while we have this standard by which to measure love.

16. Christ prepared for work by prayer. "In the morning, rising up a great while before day, He withdrew Himself into the wilderness and prayed." If Christ needed so much communion with God, no wonder that we grow weary and often fail in our endeavors. Let us pray more. Doubtless many of us know by experience that burdens are lightened when we leave everything, and go away by ourselves to pray.

17. Christ was always at work. "I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day." He worked even when tired and hungry. John 4: 3—38.

18. He was willing to teach others to pray.

19. He did all for the glory of God. John 7: 18; 17: 20. In His teaching He used familiar illustrations. He taught the people that which they could put into practice in their daily lives. He led

them on, from what they already knew, to greater truths. Once in eight years the planet Venus is visible at midday; but one must find it in the morning and follow its course, or he will be unable to distinguish it under the full glare of the sun. We must look to Christ, our Pattern, early in the day, and keep our eyes fixed upon Him, lest "other things entering in" blind us so we cannot see Him.

It is said that Michæl Angelo used to wear a lighted candle fastened upon his cap, that no shadow of himself might fall upon his work. Many times have we marred our work when this shadow was upon it. Love is the candle we must keep burning—intense love for Christ, and love for others for Christ's sake.

"Yea, through life, death, through sorrow and through sinning,
He shall suffice me, for He hath sufficed.
Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning,
Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ."

DAILY READINGS.

1. Christ obeying His parents.—Luke 2 : 41—52.

2. Christ resisting temptation.—Matt. 4 : 1—11.

3. Christ answering the mother of Zebedee's children.—Matt. 20 : 20—28.

4. Christ teaching by example.—John 13 : 1—17.

5. Christ submitting to the will of God.—Matt. 26 : 36—46.

6. What a disciple saw in Christ.—John 1 : 1—14.

7. What Paul thought a follower of Christ should do.—Rom. 12; 15 : 1—7.

OPENING ADDRESS AT CONFERENCE ON MISSION BANDS.

BY MRS. NANNIE L. SCARECHINGOST.

It needs no argument to prove that events which seem prominent may not always be, in reality, the most important or the most far reaching in their consequences. God's ways are not as our ways of measurement, and his is the only true and sure standard. When we attempt therefore to bring to view some of the special blessings brought about by the children's work, we know well that we may not truly estimate the relative importance of such a work.

Strong lights and deep shadows mark the missionary picture all along the way, yet who shall say that the shadows are not ultimately to display the power of God the most wondrously when they shall roll away, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together. The shadow may be only that of his own hand, as he works out his purpose among men.

Every age is marked by a peculiar type of piety, and by corresponding methods of Christian activity. The piety of this age is eminently active, as opposed to the introspective and meditative piety of one hundred years ago; and the church in this age as the result of active piety, is eminently aggressive. She is moving upon the enemy on all sides, and has carried her skirmish line into the very camp of the foe. In order to hold the ground gained, and sustain the advance it will be necessary to press into active service, every enlisted soldier of the Cross. And that this may be accomplished, she has adopted the plan of a classification and division of her forces for detail duty. Christian women are therefore organized into societies and children should be under drill for future service, and contributing their mites to the base of supplies.

The divine command is, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt

say I have no pleasure in them." By this word remember, we understand to keep in mind, and we know of no better way to remember, than by doing something in his service. We think the old saying: "Satan finds some mischief for idle hands to do," will apply to the hearts and minds as well. And if children's heads and hearts are kept filled with good thoughts and acts for the Master there will be little room for Satan's temptations.

If a tree does not grow when it is young, it never will grow. It will be stunted and dwarfed as long as it stands. So it is with boys and girls. If their hearts and minds do not expand into true nobleness, while their bodies are growing large and strong, we need not expect them to be of much use in the world.

Another to be considered trait of character developed, is the principle of giving. If children are taught to give in early life, they will be liberal givers in after life.

Then the Mission Band is the training school for the work of the Missionary Society. We often hear the prayer, "Do thou take the children instead of the fathers, and make them noble princes in all the land." They will soon be needed to take the place of the fathers and mothers. They are passing away very rapidly. Will not God bless still more the prayers and work for his kingdom if children have a voice and a hand however feeble in it? Why are the children to be kept back when they are waiting and willing to lend a helping hand? "A little child shall lead them," even the most hardened, into hearing the words of Jesus, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

The above address was delivered before the L. M. S. of Conemaugh Pres. and requested for publication.

MISS M. LIDE ORR, Sec.

MRS. W. H. MCMASTER, Pres.

HOW TO HELP THE MISSIONARIES.

Two boys, Walter Kippey and Paul Cragg begin to talk from opposite sides of the street and gradually come together and walk away:

Paul. Walter, O Walter, O Walter, Kippey!

Walter. What you want, Paul Cragg?

P. I say, are you going to the mission band to-night? It's most time.

W. Why no, I believe not. Are you?

P. Yes—course. It's real good.

W. What is there good about it, I'd like to know? I'd rather hunt for buckeyes.

P. Oh, lots! There is to be a conversation 'tween two of the boys. I tell you its fun.

W. Can't we have a conversation 'thout going to church?

P. But you see this is all about the life of John Knox, and they've been getting ready ever so long.

W. What do I care about John Knox?

P. Then there's a returned missionary who'll tell us all about how they live in India, and the river Ganges—and the crocodiles, you know.

W. Well I'd like to hear about the crocodiles eating up the babies.

P. Come on. Mother says it will not be long till we boys will have to furnish the missionaries.

W. How furnish them?

P. Why, every way. Some will have to go and the rest will have to send.

W. I never thought of boys being missionaries.

P. Mother says that when the Savior commanded the disciples to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature he meant the children and young folks just as much as anybody.

W. I don't believe that; 'cause how could we?

P. Don't you remember the motto on the school-room wall, "Where there's a will there's a way?"

W. That means you can get your lessons if you want to, but I don't want to very much.

P. Yes, and it means that if you want the world to be converted, you can help it along.

W. But I don't see how. Nice we'd look going as a missionary, wouldn't we?

P. We don't have to go. We can help a good deal and never leave home at all.

W. Well I'd like to help first rate. It must be awful lonesome to be a missionary.

P. It wouldn't be half as bad as to be shut up on a desert island like Robison Crusoe.

W. Oh! that's jolly! But you haven't told me yet how we can help the missionaries.

P. Our pastor preached about it yesterday, and he said there were three things we could do to help the missionaries.

W. I'd like to know what they are? I can't think of one.

P. I can tell you, because mother talked it over with me after we got home, and I promised her to do all three. Will you do them too if I tell you?

W. Why yes, if it isn't too hard.

P. It's just as easy as anything. First thing is to talk about them.

W. Shaw! Talk about them! What good will that do?

P. Oh lots! You see if you talk about them to father and mother and everybody you'll get them interested and they'll take the WOMEN'S MAGAZINE and the Gospel In All Lands, and find out all about the missions.

W. That's easy enough. I'll do that. What's the next?

P. The next is to pray for them.

W. O, I couldn't do that!

P. Why not? Don't you pray?

W. I say, "Now I lay me" every night and sometimes, "Our Father which art in Heaven."

P. Well, that's praying for missions.

W. Doesn't say anything about missions!

P. Mother says that every time we say "thy kingdom come" we are praying for missions.

W. I never thought of that.

P. And then we can say, "Please, God, bless the missionaries." That's what I pray.

W. Well I'm going to say that too. Won't it be splendid?

P. Yes, indeed; just think of helping to convert the whole world!

W. Did you say there were three things we could do?

P. Yes, the other thing is to give our money to them.

W. But I don't have any money 'cept when somebody gives it to me. I ought to ask Uncle Jim for some; he's rich.

P. No! This money must be our own to give. Couldn't you earn some.?

W. Perhaps I could. Mr. Stone offered me twenty-five cents a week to drive his cow to pasture. I'll go and see if he'll let me now.

P. Hold on a minute! See if you can remember the three things.

W. Of course I can. Do you take me for a dunce? Let me see. If you want to help the missionaries you must talk about them, pray for them, and give money to them.

P. That's it exactly. Let's shake hands and agree together to do these three things.

W. All right. And say! I believe I'll go to the mission band with you, and just as soon as ever I get home I'll ask my pa why he didn't go as a missionary.

Women's Auxiliary Board, &c.

RECEIPTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1887.

Foreign Missions.—Mrs. M. F. Given, Rochester Mills, Ind. Co., Pa., on debt, $5; L. M. S. Guinston, Pa., 12; Indiana Presbyterial, 22.25; L. M. S. Low Point, Ill., on debt, 10; W. M. S. 5th Philadelphia, on debt, 9.95; L. M. S. Bloomington, Ind., 10; L. M. S. Wilton, Ill., on debt, 12; Y. L. M. Band, Clifton, O., 9.

Salaries.—Miss Jessie Hogg, 2nd Church Society, Allegheny, $175.00; Miss Anna Y. Thompson, Muskingum Presbyterial, 51; Miss M. A. Smith, Garnett Presbyterial, 8.75, and 1st Kansas Presbyterial, 25; Miss C. E. Wilson, Des Moines Presbyterial, 125.00; Miss Anna F. Given, Indiana Presbyterial, 30; from same for Pin and Postal money, 8.25. To supplement the salary of any young lady missionary, L. M. S. Princeton, Ind., 8; Bible Reader under Miss Anderson, India Mission Band, 5th Philadelphia, 8; Teacher at Zagazig, Egypt, Y. L. M. S. Olathe, Kan., 25.50; Training School India, Indiana Presbyterial, 3; Training School Egypt, Indiana Presbyterial, 5; L. M. S. Cedarville, O., to same 12.

Home Mission.—L. M. S. 1st Monmouth, Ill., $25; "Cheerful Workers" Mission Band, Bellevue, Pa., 40; L. M. S. Munroe, Ia., 6; Indiana Presbyterial, 14; Warm Springs Indian Mission, Mission Band, Lacona, Iowa, 1.14.

Freedmen's Mission.—L. M. S. Bloomington, Ind., $10; W. M. S. Clifton, O., 10; L. M. S. Struthers, O., for Norfolk, Va., 10.65.

Little Girls' Home.—A Friend, for furnishing, $10; Indiana Presbyterial, 5; Mrs. Ollie Patton's Sabbath-school class, Neshaunock, Pa., 5; Mission Band, West Newton, Pa., 11; Miss Mattie L. Berry, Venice, Pa., for furnishing, 5; Mission Band 6th Pittsburg, 25; S. S. San Bernardino, Cal., 1.35; Life member General Missionary Society, Mrs. Chas. Lockhart, 25.

E. J. SLOAN, Treasurer.

The Beaver Valley Presbyterial W. M. S. met September 15th at Oak Grove. 26 delegates were present representing 13 Societies and 2 Mission Bands. We were also favored with the presence of three of the ministers of our Presbytery namely: Rev. J. J. Sharp, of Mt. Jackson, Rev. J. S. Dice, of Bethel, and Rev. N. Winegart, of the combined charge of Oak Grove and Neshaunock. We also had with us Rev. J. A. Kennedy, of New Wilmington to whom Society is indebted for an excellent address in the evening. We hope to have this address published in "THE WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE." A kindly "Greeting" was extended Society by Mrs. John Gibson, of Oak Grove. The "Response" was given by Miss Cetta Duff, of Mt. Jackson. Miss Agnes Leiper, of Darlington, read an essay on "What owest thou?" A paper on "Our Mission in Egypt," was read by Mrs. Rev. N. Winegart, of Oak Grove. Miss Jennie McCreary, a member of the Mission Band of the 1st church, New Castle, read an essay, subject; "Over the Ocean Wave." These papers were well prepared and full of interesting thoughts. Mrs. R. J. Blevens, of New Castle, our delegate to the meeting of the G. W. M. S. at Monmouth, gave a report of that meeting. A motion was made that hereafter all contributions from Societies in this Presbytery be sent to the Boards of the church through the Women's Board. The motion was carried by a unanimous vote and Mrs. J. I. Frazier, of Beaver Falls, was elected Treasurer of the Presbyterial Society. Congregational societies are requested to bear in mind that hereafter all contributions of these socie-

ties, including the Miss White Fund, are to be sent to Mrs. Frazier instead of the financial agent of Presbytery. Mrs. Baldwin, of Center Society, suggested that the congregation entertaining delegates to the Presbyterial meeting be instructed to conform to a prescribed bill of fare in providing meals for their guests, thus doing away with much unnecessary labor, and enabling the members of the society entertaining to enjoy the meeting in common with members from other societies. On motion this was adopted as a rule of Society and Center Society was instructed to arrange the "*bill of fare.*" An interesting exercise of the afternoon was a report of the Mission Band of Oak Grove, which was given by Miss Annie Forbes. This Band was organized in July, has 29 members, meets semi-monthly, the pastor, Rev. N. Winegart, meeting with them and instructing them in the Mission work of the church. They are also enlisted in the temperance cause, each member being pledged to total abstinence. Their contributions for the past quarter were given to the Little Girls' Home at Knoxville. After the reading of the report different members of the Band gave recitations and sang some appropriate songs.

After extending a hearty vote of thanks for the congregation of Oak Grove, for their kind hospitality, and to Rev. J. A. Kennedy for his address, society adjourned to meet in Beaver, April '88. M. C. HARPER, Sec'y.

The Woman's Missionary Association of Monmouth Presbytery, met at Olena, Ill., September 22, 1887.

An interesting conference on "Sabbath Observance," was opened by Mrs. McAllister, of Monmouth, also a paper on "Family Worship," by Miss Gamble, Kirkwood. A home letter from Mrs. Marion Morrison, and extracts from letters written by one missionary, Miss Campbell, of India, were read.

Memorials of Mrs. Emily Brownlee and Mrs. W. T. Campbell, were given by Mrs. R. A. Wilson and Mrs. M. M. Thompson.

A Bible reading, "Growth in Grace," by Mrs. Wm. Brock, of Olena, and two excellent essays were read by Miss Rule, of Elmira, and Miss Sample, Henderson.

Delegates elect for the Woman's Convention are principals, Mrs. Allison and Mrs. Calhoun. Alternates Misses Rule and Sample.

A vote of thanks was tendered the good people of Olena for their kindness.

After prayer by Rev. J. C. Calhoun, the meeting adjourned.

Mrs. Jennie Allison, President, (pro. ten.); Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Were Hogue, Kirkwood, Ill.

Having lately attended a county convention of the W. C. T. U. and also a W. P. M. Society, I will give you some impressions. Especially in devotional exercises, all speak too low. The audience cannot join with them in their prayers as they are not heard. The people grow restless and the meeting is pronounced a failure, and many think women's meetings of no account. Then there is too much backwardness on the part of delegates to take part, either in the devotional services, or in the business. Now if these meetings are right, and for God's glory, every one should strive to make them interesting. And if this is woman's age for work, she should qualify herself for the work. Ladies usually make themselves heard in their parlors, when entertaining their friends, discussing social events, and are ready enough to speak on such occasions. And should we not be much more ready to let our voices be heard when we are speaking to the Lord, and leading an audience at the Throne of Grace. Now, my dear sisters, let us so cultivate our voices that we can be able to engage in the Lord's work so as not to bring women's meetings into disrepute. SECRETARY.

Resolutions.

At a special meeting of the Board of Managers of the U. P. Orphans' Home, Allegheny City, held the 8th day of October, 1887, a committee was appointed to prepare testimonials in reference to the death of Mrs. E. W. Hill, and have them published in the United Presbyterian, Christian Instructor, and the Women's Magazine; also that a copy be sent to the family.

The following resolutions were adopted as expressing the united sentiments of all associated with Mrs. Hill in the management of the Orphans' Home.

Whereas, It has pleased God to call home our beloved sister, Mrs. E. W. Hill, to receive the blessed reward of those who are ever faithful in the Master's service, we recognize that the hand of God has touched every heart with a sorrow that can find no expression in words.

In her death this Board has lost a faithful officer and an able and wise counsellor; the Orphans' Home has lost one who never wearied in earnest effort for its welfare, whose whole life seemed a desire to help the helpless; to lift up, Christ like, homeless children, and bring them under the same christian influence, and inspire within them the same christian character which so beautified and sanctified her own home.

The church has lost one who was ever a faithful champion for right and truth; who thought no self sacrifice too great for Jesus' sake, and in woman's special work for the cause of the Master, saw no avenue open for doing good that she did not enter and labor with zeal and earnest endeavor, trusting God would bless it, and giving Him the Glory.

Her family has lost a faithful, true, and devoted christian wife and mother, and in their sad bereavement we extend our heartfelt sympathy and commend them to the love and tender mercy of Jesus, her comforter in trial, and the Savior she loved and served so well.

We have all lost a tried and trusted friend, one of the few of this earth who made friends never to lose them.

By her life and character we are inspired to greater effort to help bring the Gospel of Jesus in contact with unsaved souls, and to consecrate ourselves more fully to the Master's service; and in this dispensation we hear His voice, "Be ye also ready."

Committee.

Book Review.

"The High-caste Hindu Woman," by Pundita Ramabai Sarasvati, with an introduction by Dr. Rachel L. Bodley, Dean of Woman's Medical College of Penna.

In the wide mission field of the world, two countries are of special interest to the United Presbyterians—Egypt and India. Both are among the oldest centres of human society, both have a wonderful history. Everything about Egypt—its ruins, its monuments, its river, and its people, possess a strange fascination for us. India is not less attractive. Its civilization is almost as ancient as that of Egypt. Twenty-two centuries ago, when Alexander marched his Greeks into the Punjab, he found a people who, in all that pertains to a settled and well-ordered state of society, were among the foremost nations of the world. From that time to the present, Hindustan has ranked as one of the chief centres of the race.

With modern India most of the readers of this magazine are familiar, but with the condition of the women of India, and the women of the Braman or highest caste, perhaps we are not so well acquainted as we should be. Whatever tends to increase our knowledge of this vital factor in the evangelization of that great country, should be welcome. Much information on the subject may be had from the singularly attractive book of our own lamented Dr. Gordon. More still, perhaps, may be gained from the volume, the title of which stands at the head of this notice. If the Christian women of our land wish to be brought face to face with the social disabilities and moral degradation of their sisters in India, if they desire to see Hindu women of the highest class as they actually are, crushed beneath intolerable burdens, we commend to their serious perusal this graphic little book.

The work consists of two parts—an introduction by Dr. Rachel L. Bodley, containing a brief sketch of the Pundita, and a powerful appeal for "rescue and relief," and the book of Madame Ramabai, "The High Caste Hindu Woman." It is a thin volume of 119 pages, in large print, in size hardly beyond an article in some of the Quarterly Reviews: yet it may be questioned whether anywhere just such and so much information touching the sorrowful lot of Hindu women, and particularly of high-caste Hindu women, can be found.

The author is herself of the highest caste, a Braman—learned, trustworthy, and a Christian. A thorough Sanskrit scholar and familiar with the sacred books of her people, she is quite competent to deal with woman's place and destiny as these are unfolded in the philosophy and religion of the Hindu sages. And she has done so. In the "Prefatory Remarks", the Pundita presents one of the clearest and yet briefest expositions of the Hindu religion it has ever been our fortune to meet.

The subject is treated under three heads: I. Childhood; II. Youth or Married Life; III. Widowhood.

The only period in which a woman may be said to be happy at all is Childhood; and yet the little prattling girl is early made to feel that she is unwelcome because a female, that her right to be in this world is very questionable. The second period is wretched enough, but that of widowhood is unmixed misery. Nothing can surpass the lurid picture she gives us of the utter desolation, the hopelessness and sadness of the child-widows of India.

What makes woman's life so is the iron caste, the dreadful customs in which she is held fast—customs that have the solemn sanction of antiquity and religion—customs that are positively brutal and brutalizing—and that nothing but the Almighty Spirit and grace of God can break. The author appeals to the code of Manu for all she advances on the subject. Many quotations from the Sacred Books and Laws are made, as to woman's place and hope, both as to this world and that which is to come. What must be the the effect of a Law, believed inspired and divine, which solemnly declares women "impure as falsehood itself"? "Such is the opinion of Manu concerning all women; and all men with more or less faith in the law regard women, even though they be their own mothers, 'as impure as falsehood itself.'"

The book exhibits in the clearest light possible the vast distance, immeasurable distinction, between the vaunted Hindu Sacred Books and the Bible, as to the dignity that belongs to woman, the honor and respect in which she should be held by men. It dissipates completely the sentimentality and silly nonsense which Mr. Arnold's poem has created among a certain class in England and in this country as to the intrinsic worth and native dignity of Hinduism and Bhudism, as contrasted with the Christian Scriptures. If "The Light of Asia" can do no more for woman in India than Pundita Ramabai has here depicted, that "Light" is only darkness, and darkness how great!

The publication of this little book has a special purpose. Ramabai proposes to return to India to establish schools for the education of the women of the higher caste, that they may be delivered from the overwhelming thralldom under which they now groan and grovel. For this object she needs money; and the object of the book is to enlist the interest and help of American Christian women in the praiseworthy undertaking. Dr. Bodley estimates that $15,000 are required to inaugurate the work, and other sums will be needed for ten years succeeding to establish it on a permanent basis. It is very little to ask from the thousands of devoted women of this land who could raise the amount in a few weeks if disposed, and who doubtless will.

Xenia. O. M.

When, June 1, Ramabai issued "The High-caste Hindu Woman" she did not appeal in vain to her friends to sustain her in her effort to bring her sisters in Hindustan, and their needs, before the American public. The sale of the entire edition of two thousand copies has been their cheering response. In announcing a second edition, the Pundita returns heartfelt thanks to her generous helpers, and desires to remind them anew, that each purchase of one or more copies of "The High-caste Hindu Woman" is a direct contribution in aid of the great work she is striving to inaugurate in behalf of the child-widows of her native land. Sent on receipt of price ($1 25), with ten cents additional for postage, by Pundita Ramabai, 1400 North Twenty-first street, Philadelphia.

A SOD HOUSE.